

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

A LITERARY—NEWS WEEKLY

PUBLISHED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

—ILLUSTRATED—

*Disce Quasi Semper Victurus : Vibe Quasi Cras Moriturus*

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*The Administration Building—University of Notre Dame*

# ... THE WEEK ...

Now if work were news, there'd be plenty to tell—but work is very difficult to disguise. Engulfed in a personal maelstrom, vortex, and all those figures, of work—that, for ability to pursue, makes the proverbial Nemesis look as diligent as a prohibition officer in Milwaukee—it seems impossible that this job should be called such. The stylish appearance of last week's issue (they say it is stylish to be late) caused the deadline for this week to slip up as rapidly as club dues.

April and Paul Revere's ride sank into oblivion with the coming of May and the last ride of the Four Horsemen. A large crowd turned out Saturday afternoon for the absolutely farewell tour of Cartier field by the National Champions. And the veterans performed brilliantly, piercing a promising opposing defense with all the ease that they displayed in trampling external aggression last Fall.

Patrons of the game involving the porcine epidermis were forced to share weekend honors with the hide of the humble horse when Coach Keogan's sluggers took a Conference struggle from the Hawkeyes and a more "sluggish" and decisive struggle from Lombard. From the stick work of the Notre Dame nine so far, it looks as if the sport world need have no qualms over the illness of Babe Ruth.

Before you see another SCHOLASTIC—and, perhaps before you see this one, but probably not—the Seniors will be in the midst of the Ball Activities. (Notice the associa-

tion of paragraphs—football, baseball, and seniorball, the latter being by far the most intriguing game.) Coon-Sanders Night Hawks have been engaged to furnish the *musical* inspiration, and it may be rather furtively stated that the Night-Hawks will not feel at all out of place among their audience. Ball committees have been working hard, it would detract to say "as usual," and promise a 'bigger and better ball.' (I hope the linotype man sets 'better' with a 'b'.)

The last meeting of the Engineers' Club was held in the Carroll Hall Rec room on Wednesday night. Officers were elected to fill the very capable shoes of Daniel J. O'Neill & Co., retiring after a very active and successful year, which included the issue of the recent number of the SCHOLASTIC. Speeches, refreshments, and plans for the Engineers' picnic to be held at Christiana Lake where the features of the evening.

In our list of ball games we did not include the annual Notre Dame golf tournament—probably due to the comparative size of the golf ball itself. However, from the list of prizes posted for the winning contestants, it looks as if the golf tournament would be far more profitable for the individuals involved than the other forms of sport, particularly the Senior Ball.

There is some talk about discontinuing the SCHOLASTIC in the near future and allowing the staff to sing songs, play games, go down town, and do other things that college boys do. This department heartily endorses the movement.

## Music

The officers of the University Glee Club have received many letters from friends who were interested in the concerts given in the various towns visited by the Club on its recent Easter tour. These letters comment favorably upon the excellence of the music presented by the Club, as well as upon the appearance and manner of the organization during the time in which the Club was entertained in the various cities.

Among the letters received was the following from Brother De Sales of Wheeling, West Va., sent to Father Cunningham:

Dear Father:

"I take this occasion to say a word or two in behalf of the Notre Dame Glee Club that sang in Wheeling last Saturday night. They were a splendid lot of young men in conduct and otherwise and made one feel proud to be in their company."

—BROTHER DE SALES.

Another of the letters received was from Mr. V. H. Soisson of Connellsville, Pa., who says:

"We were glad to hear that the Club had a very pleasant visit to Connellsville and I wish to take this opportunity to state that I never have had any dealings with a finer bunch of young men than they were: 'A bunch of clean cut young men,' you can hear on all sides.

Yours for equal success next year,"

V. H. SOISSON.

The letter received by Victor Lemmer, the manager of the Club, from Father John E. O'Connor of Barnesboro, Pa., is enthusiastic in its praise of the organization.

Father O'Connor says:

"Dear Mr. Lemmer:

"I wish to express my appreciation of the treatment we received from you in the coming of the Notre Dame Glee Club to Barnesboro. I was anxious to have the students from a representative Catholic University visit in our midst, and when the opportunity presented itself from Notre Dame, so well known, I was delighted; for I thought it would mean much for the people here not only for the chance of hearing excellent music but for the good of the cause of religion.

"I take pleasure in whatever reflects credit on the Church and its institutions. I need not say, for I voiced that to you, that we are proud to have

had the opportunity of entertaining the boys from Notre Dame; the concert was exceptionally good, but to my mind that was secondary to the gentlemanly conduct of the students. Many words of praise have been uttered both by the Catholics and the non-Catholics about the boys' conduct all in favor of them and Notre Dame. Your visit has done much for us, and I hope that each year at least, we shall have the good fortune to be numbered amongst the places visited by your Glee Club. . . .

"Wishing you all success personally and extending my gratitude to the boys of the Club and to the faculty of Notre Dame for the training they give their students, I am, most sincerely,"

JOHN E. O'CONNOR.

Upon the reception of the letters given above, Father J. Hugh O'Donnell, the Prefect of Discipline, sent a letter to Victor Lemmer in which he expressed the delight with which the faculty received the good reports of the trip and the appreciation for the reputation which the Club made for itself and for Notre Dame.

A. L. M.

—N D S—

The University Orchestra gave its first concert of the scholastic year in St. Joseph's Hall, Mishawaka, on Monday evening, May 4. The program was as follows:

1. Overture—"Caliph of Bagdad" \_\_\_\_\_ A. Boieldieu  
THE ORCHESTRA
2. Tenor Solo—"A Dream" \_\_\_\_\_ Bartlett  
RAYMOND SHERIFF
3. a. "L'Egyptienne" \_\_\_\_\_ Browne  
b. "Indian Dance" \_\_\_\_\_ Browne  
THE ORCHESTRA
4. Flute Solo—"Serenade" \_\_\_\_\_ Titl  
G. T. M'DERMOTT

### INTERMISSION

Varsity Quartette \_\_\_\_\_ Specialties

### PART II.

1. Orchestra—"Spanish Dance" \_\_\_\_\_ Moszkowski  
THE ORCHESTRA
2. Violin Solo—"Adoration" \_\_\_\_\_ Borowski  
JOHN DE MOTT
3. Baritone Solo—"Come With Me to Romany" \_\_\_\_\_ Browne  
GEORGE KOCH
4. Orchestra—"Spanish Dance" \_\_\_\_\_ Moszkowski  
THE ORCHESTRA

The Orchestra made a splendid impression on this, its first appearance, and after hear-

ing it in concert, one wonders why it has remained inactive. The organization presents a perfect balance of sound and its numbers are well chosen to best show this. The overture to "The Caliph" and the last "Spanish Dance" were by far the best numbers played, and in both of these pieces, the performances were truly delightful.

The audience which attended the concert was very appreciative, almost to the point of enthusiastic display, and both the orchestra numbers and the different solo appearances were highly applauded.

The excellence of the program was apparent to everyone present and made one wish that the same program could be presented on the campus for the approval of the student body. It is to be hoped that an orchestra concert upon the campus will be arranged before the year is over.

Dr. J. Lewis Browne is the conductor of the organization and Mr. Joseph J. Casasanta, who directed the concert, is the assistant director. The concert was presented by the Young Ladies Sodality of St. Joseph's Church, Mishawaka.

#### MR. HUSTON GIVES INTERESTING TALK

The Scribblers met in the Library Wednesday night to hear their guest and speaker, Mr. McCready Huston, associate editor of the *South Bend Tribune* and prominent writer.

Mr. Huston did not confine himself to any one phase of writing but wandered delightfully and informally through the entire field answering questions as they were asked and commenting at intervals on various books and magazines. As a possible means of aiding prospective writers he told of many of his own experiences in the composition and sale of the short story and the novel. Mr. Huston's first novel has been accepted by Scribner's and is to be published next fall. Already successful in the realm of the short story, his works of this kind appear frequently in *Scribner's*, the *Red Book* and other magazines.

### Library

The Reference Department loaned 1031 books during the month of April. For the corresponding month in 1924 it loaned 450 books. During April there were 1719 visitors to the Reference Room.

The Circulation Department loaned 1817 books during April. The number for the same month of last year was 1169.

Visitors to the number of 500 registered at the Art Galleries during April.

The following books were added to the Circulation Department on April 29:

- Associated Retail Credit Men of New York City, Inc. Retail Charge Account.
- Baker, Mrs. J. T.—Correct Standardized Pronunciation of Words in Everyday Use.
- Conrad, Joseph—Notes on Life and Letters.
- Conrad, Joseph—A Personal Record.
- Conrad, Joseph—Within the Tides.
- Conyngton, Thomas—Corporation Procedure.
- Creasy, Sir S. S.—The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World.
- Dewing, A. S.—Corporation Finance.
- Dewing, A. S.—Financial Policy of Corporations. 5 v.
- Gregory, Sir R. A.—Discovery; or, The Spirit and Service of Science.
- Hamsun, Knut—Victoria.
- Hedrick, E. R.—Applications of the Calculus to Mechanics.
- Jacobs, W. W.—Sea Urchins.
- Jordan, D. F.—Jordan on Investments.
- Kellor, F. A.—Out of Work.
- Kniffin, W. H.—Commercial Banking. 2 v.
- Knight, A. M.—Modern Seamanship.
- Lester, O. C.—Integrals of Mechanics.
- McDougall, William—Ethics and Some Modern World Problems.
- Mackenzie, A. M.—Women in Shakespeare's Plays.
- O'Shea, M. V., ed.—World Book. Loose-leaf Annual, 1924.
- Savay, Norbert—Principles of Foreign Trade.
- Smith, C. F.—Games and Recreational Methods for Clubs, Camps and Scouts.
- Stacpoole, H. DeVere—Blue Lagoon.

#### GRAND RAPIDS CLUB MEETING

The Grand Rapids Club will meet Monday evening at 7:45 in Badin "rec" room for the annual election of officers. All members are urgently requested to be present at this time.

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### *S. A. C. Notes*

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At their meeting last Monday night, President George Bischoff told the members of the S. A. C. that the memorial to the national football champions, funds for which were collected several weeks ago, would be at the University in about two weeks. So far no plans for the presentation of the memorial have been made.

—NDS—

The meeting of the Midwest Student Conference at Manhattan, Kansas last week was reported by John Moran and Dan Brady, the Notre Dame delegates.

—NDS—

The general election of class officers and S. A. C. members will take place in the Gym next Friday. The polls will be open from nine until five.

—NDS—

#### MID-WEST STUDENT CONFERENCE

The Mid-West Student Conference convened for its 1925 session at Manhattan, Kansas, April 30, May 1 and 2. Thirty schools from the Mid-West and South were represented.

The discussion was divided into three parts: publications, student government, and athletics. Under the head of publications, dailies, annuals, humorous and literary magazines, and student handbooks were discussed. Under the head of student government, organization, powers, elections, finance and general student activities were considered. Under athletics, the discussion was divided into collegiate and inter-mural questions.

Among the ideas that will be incorporated into the Notre Dame Student Council, if they prove satisfactory and advisable, are: a system for the election and training of cheerleaders; some constructive changes in election by-laws; rules regulating the freshman class; a system for the distribution of football tickets to the student body; and a method for financing the Student Activities Council by a direct tax.

The discussion at the conference is carried on through a question and answer system. The chairman of the discussion proposes a question, and the various delegates advance the methods used in their schools.

Next year the conference will be held at Tulane University, New Orleans, La.

—J. R. M.

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#### VILLAGERS NOMINATE OFFICERS

The Notre Dame Villagers Club was praised generously for its work in the past and counseled with much oratory to forge its efforts toward great things in the future at its monthly dinner meeting in the Turkish room of the Oliver hotel, Thursday night, April 30.

The Villagers were entertained with talks by Rev. George McNamara, C. S. C.; Rev. Joseph Burke, C. S. C.; Col. C. Seymour Bullock, South Bend recreational director, and Lewis J. Murphy, state commander of the Disabled American Veterans.

Before the program of speaking, President Hagerty directed the nomination of club officers for the ensuing year. Dan Kelly and Arthur Sheer were nominated for president and Eugene Knoblock and Edward DeClerq were nominated for the vice presidency. Henry McNabb, as secretary, and William Rigley, as sergeant-at-arms, were chosen unanimously. Thomas Hogan and Bernard Lousbough were nominated for treasurer. The election committee, of which William Konop is chairman, is composed of Robert Grant, Jerome DeClerq, Maxwell Nikart, Harold Shanafelt, and Hilton Fall. The election will be held later.

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#### DANTE CLUB ELECTION

The Dante Club elected officers for the coming year in the Law Building, Tuesday evening. The following men will be officeholders: Adolph V. Capano, President; Bart Favero, Vice-President; Philip Lopresti, Secretary; John F. Colangelo, Treasurer, and P. Perchio, Lecturer.

Preliminary plans were made for a banquet which will be given during the latter part of this month.

### PROF. PHILLIPS INAUGURATES LECTURE SERIES

A series of interesting talks on Europe has been arranged for those who intend to go abroad this summer. On May 1, Mr. Phillips spoke on London. He told the fifty students present what to do, and what not to do, while traveling in merry England. On May 4, Mr. Provost used "Paris" as his subject. He spoke of many interesting things to see in the French capital and gave his listeners some helpful philosophy on foreign travel. The following is a list of the talks which are yet to be given:

Wednesday, May 6, Prof. Phillips, "The Battlefields"  
 Friday, May 8, Prof. Mercier, "Monte Carlo-Nice"  
 Monday, May 11, Fr. Miltner, "Rome"  
 Wednesday, May 13, Fr. Miltner, "Naples-Pompeii"  
 Wednesday, May 20, Prof. Phillips, "Florence-Venice-Milan"  
 Friday, May 22, Prof. Phillips, "Switzerland"  
 Sunday, May 24, Prof. Thompson, "Art" (*Tentative*)  
 Monday, May 25, Prof. Mercier, "Belgium"

All these talks with the exception of that of May 24, will be held at 4:15 P. M. in Room 222, the Main Bld'g. The talk on "Art" will be given in the Library Art Museum at 10 o'clock.

For further information, concerning this most interesting series of lectures, inquire of James Ronan, Walsh Hall, or John Hurley, Sorin Hall.

### MR. LEO WARD WINS PLAY PRIZE

Mr. Leo L. Ward, C. S. C., Washington, D. C., recently won the prize offered for the best play written by a member of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. The prize was offered by the C. S. M. Crusade.

Mr. Ward was graduated from Notre Dame in 1920. He was a monogram man in basketball and an associate editor of the SCHOLASTIC.

### ENGINEERS ELECT PAUL HARRINGTON

Election of officers for next year; a talk by Father Joseph Burke, C.S.C., Director of Studies; discussion of plans for the Engi-

neers' Picnic; and entertainment by Jack Doyle and Bill Jasper featured a meeting of the Engineers' Club held in the Carroll rec room Wednesday evening.

The officers, elected for the coming year, are: Paul Harrington, President; Herbert Eggert, Vice-President; Philip Doell, Secretary, and Charles Marguet, Treasurer. Marguet and Eggert were unanimously elected.

Father Burke gave a very interesting talk on the pride of profession and the importance of utilizing spare moments in reading, and work on subjects of general interest.

The annual club picnic will be held at Christiana Lake, Thursday, May 21, and is expected to surpass any Engineers' outing of the past. A ball game, swimming, boating, and various novel and interesting events will help to make the day pass quickly. The dinner will be served in the Christiana Tavern.

Jack Doyle with a lively Frisco and clog furnished one of the best entertainments the Club has had this year. Jack was accompanied by Bill Jasper at the piano. Jasper also played several solo numbers.

The meeting was closed with the serving of ice cream and cake.

### BARRY MEDAL CONTEST

The Barry Medal for Elocution, the gift of Patrick T. Barry of Chicago, is awarded every year for excellence in elocution. The contest this year will be held sometime between the 15th and the 25th. The winner of this medal will be announced after competition in public. Any undergraduate student is eligible to compete for this prize. Selections rendered in this contest are not original.

A prize of ten dollars is also offered to the winners of the freshman, the sophomore, and the junior contest in oratory, also to be held between May 15th and May 25th. Competition in these contests is open to the members of the respective classes. Orations must be original and must not be over ten minutes in length.

Men who expect to compete must have their names in at the office of the Director of Studies not later than Monday, May 11.

### THE TOLEDO CLUB ELECTS OFFICERS

The Toledo Club held its election for the coming scholastic year Wednesday, May 6. Arthur Suder was elected President of the club, Norbert Scharf, Vice-President, Edward Haggerty, Secretary, and Robert Stoepler, Treasurer. The men elected took office at once.

Plans for the June dance were discussed and the date and place were decided upon. The affair will be held on June 10 at the Inverness Country Club. The dance will be informal.

President Suder also announced that the annual June banquet will be given in honor of the members of the Club who are graduating in June.

### DUSTY PAGES FROM THE HISTORY OF NOTRE DAME

The old South Bend Stand Pipe, towering in the air as we see it today, was built in 1873 and rests on a base weighing 10,920 pounds. The pipe is 200 feet long and 5 feet in diameter; it is constructed of 108 sheets of iron held in place by 7,856 rivets and weighs 43,382 pounds. The capacity of the pipe is 245,437 pounds, equal to 29,453 gallons or 935 barrels which if it were lager beer would bring (at that time) \$7,480.00 at \$8.00 per barrel, or, if sold at the usual price of 5 cents per half-pint glass, it would bring \$11,771.40 and would require a man 82 days working 8 hours a day to serve it out at the rate of 6 glasses per minute. At the time it was suggested that the authorities of South Bend fill the pipe with lager and let it run on free tap in order to ascertain the length of time it would require to run dry—especially just at that time, since there were so many persons out of employment who would most kindly lend a hand “free gratis” in order to show their patriotism and love of country, and to assist in celebrating the event with all due honors.

In 1878 the first telephone placed in operation on the campus was constructed by Mr. John G. Ewing between the printing office and the College Building. “Songs, solos on the piano, violin, flute, guitar, and so forth, were heard at both ends of the line and

afforded much pleasure to a great number of listeners.” The telephone was also put up between Music Hall and the College Building and “music was listened to with great delight by large crowds.”

Coal gas for lighting purposes took the place of gasoline throughout the University buildings in 1875 because of the unsteady light given by gasoline. As early as 1882 the electric light was used at Notre Dame, but only for outside illumination.

The Reverend President Thomas Walsh introduced the first Edison incandescent lamp on the campus in 1885. The old Argond gas jets were replaced by 110 ten-candle power lamps in the Senior and Junior halls. The satisfaction with the lights determined the Reverend President to give an immediate order for a larger plant with 16-candle power lamps to replace gas in the class, society, and private rooms throughout the Main Building. The total number of lamps in daily use at this time (1887) was about 700. A paragraph in the November 21, 1885 issue of the SCHOLASTIC reads as follows: “It will be remembered by our South Bend people that Notre Dame was considerably ahead of South Bend in adopting a system of lighting by electricity. There is nothing too progressive for Notre Dame.”

The statue of the Blessed Virgin, the work of Mr. Giovanni Mili, was brought here in 1880 and rested upon the front porch of the Main Building. Upon the completion of the Dome in 1889 it was raised to its present position. The statue, 16 feet high, weighs 4,400 pounds and is made of three-eighths inch metal. Despite appearance the crown of the statue, which rises to a height of 176 feet, is 42 feet lower than the tip of the church spire.

Wireless made its first appearance on the campus in 1899 when Professor Jerome J. Green telegraphed from one room to another in Science Hall and next across the campus from Science to Sorin. Later he extended the distance and sent messages as far as St. Mary's. His success was so gratifying that a few days later he telegraphed to the stand pipe at South Bend, a distance of two miles. Daily papers published reports of his work.



### COLLEGES NOMINATE S. A. C. REPRESENTATIVES

The following men were nominated, Wednesday and Thursday, for membership on next year's S. A. C.: College of Engineering, Ben Bourne, (nominated unanimously); College of Commerce, Paul Johnson and Lester Hegele; College of Science, Worden Kane and Tom Leahy; Day-Students, Urban Simons and Don Halpin.

Joe Hemphling was tied for second place after the College of Commerce votes had been counted, but later withdrew from the running.

The College of Arts and Letters and the College of Law nominated their S.A.C. representatives yesterday.

The final elections for all S.A.C. representatives will take place all day Friday, May 15, in the Gymnasium.

### THE VARSITY QUARTET SINGS FOR MUSIC WEEK

The Varsity Quartet, assisting in the cause of Music Week in South Bend, appeared at the Oliver Theatre Sunday evening and at the Blackstone Friday evening, presenting a short program at each theatre. The appearance at the Oliver was a triumph for the quartet in that they had to appear without an introduction, before an audience who knew nothing of them or why they were appearing; yet the audience was highly enthusiastic in their reception of the numbers given.

The Quartet also sang at the Player's Club presentations in Washington Hall, Wednesday the 30th. It was especially well received by the students.

### MORE SENIOR BALL INFORMATION

A meeting of the Senior class was held in the Library Thursday at twelve-thirty. Final plans for the Ball were announced.

Tickets for the Senior Dinner to be held Saturday, May 16, at the Oliver Hotel, are now on sale and may be obtained from Charles Collins, Sorin Hall.

As this is the only class entertainment,

planned for Saturday evening, all Seniors are urged to attend. Music and entertainment will be by Harry Denny's Collegians. The charge is one dollar and a half per cover.

The ticket sale for the Ball will close Tuesday, May 12. On that date, a list of all who will attend the Ball must be given to the Prefect of Discipline. It is imperative that every ticket is paid for in full on, or before, that date.

### FATHER CAVANAUGH ADDRESSES CAMPAIGN WORKERS

Reverend John Cavanaugh, C.S.C., was the chief speaker at a luncheon on Wednesday in the chamber of Commerce building for the members of the teams who are conducting the Children's Dispensary Building Campaign in South Bend. He characterized the workers as "messengers of mercy" and complimented them on their zeal in the cause of crippled children.

A certain portion of his remarks are of especial interest to Notre Dame. The following is taken from the *South Bend News Times*:

"I am reminded of an incident that happened to me not so long ago. I was carrying the greatest honor that the university can confer to a hard-headed, hard-handed 'captain of industry' on Wall Street; a man who has carved a permanent place for himself in industry. Five days out of the week he labored with his nose to the grindstone. On Saturday he did something else.

"It was on a Saturday that I arrived to bring him what was the greatest honor of his life. He told me that he had to go to White Plains that day, and I went with him. There he had founded a great hospital to care for the crippled, needy children of New York—white, colored and yellow. As we drove into the grounds he gave the children candy and then he and I joined hands with them and played games all afternoon.

"He not only gave them money, but of far greater import, he gave them some of his time and his companionship. That is the spirit that breathes the word of God."

# -:- EDITORIAL -:-

## MOTHER

ON Mother's Day, the thoughts of all men are turning to the most loved and most revered of all people—the Mothers of the world.

May we, Notre Dame men, turn our eyes to the image of our heavenly Mother, radiant in the golden May sunshine, and ask her to bless with long and happy days the sweetest and most precious of our earthly possessions—our Mothers. —M. C.

## PERTAINING TO POLITICS

THERE are other objectives for Spring energy than love. One of the favorites at Notre Dame has always been politics. This year either there is less interest or there is more secrecy. Which is well. Perhaps the blindfold has been replaced on Justice and the scales once more passed by the state board of weights and measures.

Few things are more annoying to the average member of a class or an organization than to be aware of an undercurrent of activity whose object is secret and whose promoters assume the secrecy and complacency of a Sunday School class planning a surprise party. The significant smile is the seal of the elite and the outsider is left to wander in a maze of conjecture—or possibly to write an editorial.

If there were anything to be gained, by organization and political machinery that makes the major parties appear as raw recruits in political circles, there would be no

objection. But the school group is too small to foster the more bitter rivalries that underground methods always bring about. Rivalry between the colleges is legitimate and even stimulating to the selection of strong candidates and an interest in elections. Such a condition is desirable, for whatever the election, some group is to be represented in some way. Unless the man elected has been chosen by a substantial bloc of his class, whatever his function, he is liable to criticism and lack of support that will destroy the whole object of his election. So there is no fault to find with school elections and campaigns.

But elections and campaigns can be carried out without the employment of the type of politics we usually associate with Illinois. If a group has chosen a strong candidate, a natural assumption, they should have nothing to lose by parading him around before the whole campus. If a stronger candidate is proposed by another group, it is for the good of the group that the stronger man be elected. There are enough independent men in even the campus elections to respond to a thorough and open campaign of real merit. The system too often employed of working upon personal friendships and bringing personalities into the quasi-secret campaigns, results in a detrimental antagonism between the opposing forces, often in the election of a weaker candidate, and practically always in class disunion.

There is no organization in school that

doesn't number among its members men strong enough to be advanced in a wholesome, enthusiastic campaign against the candidate of any other group. The common attempts at election day *coup d'etats* usually result in the election of a candidate undesirable to the majority of the class, simply because stronger candidates haven't enough organized votes to defeat him. Such a condition has created a situation in which it is often difficult to secure capable men to run for the offices. Rather than seek favor with the "campus Warwick's," they avoid defeat at the hands of the campus "machines" by the simple expedient of declining to run.

The decay in national and local politics finds its parallel in the decay of campus politics. Strong campus organizations usually turn out to be those in which the leaders have risen above the influence of a "campaign". Such an organization is fortunate. Open and above-board nominations, plenty of honest "talking-up" of the candidates, and the ignoring of "bosses" and "campaign". Such an organization is for result in a much more wholesome system of campus elections, a more popular and efficient body of campus officers, and a more unified and active body of campus activities. We hope the absence in the past few years of the old-time "campaigns" means just that.

—J. E. A.

### OUTSTANDING

If the Engineers have come into prominence on the campus this year as in no previous year, if their meetings have been well attended, instructive, entertaining and enthusiastic, if they have been responsible for an excellent issue of the SCHOLASTIC, if their future at Notre Dame is heralded so hopefully, a great share of the credit for all this must go to the thoughtful, unassuming yet thoroughly efficient, student who is pres-

ident of the Engineers' Club—Dan O'Neill.

The Engineers started the year well when they won the prize for having the best decorated building on the campus at Homecoming. Unlike so many organizations, they did not cease their efforts, content with the glory of one outstanding accomplishment, but continued to push forward into a year of notable activity. And guiding all this activity, with the mature judgment of a battle-scarred general and the energy of buoyant youth, has been Dan O'Neill. It is truly he who has ushered in a new era for Notre Dame Engineers.

The SCHOLASTIC thus praises O'Neill with the full realization that other Engineers have done much to assist him in his work and that without these capable men all of his labors would have come to nought. But it is O'Neill who has been the organizer, the directors and the SCHOLASTIC feels certain that the Engineers will join this, a tribute to their chief.

—W. R. D.

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## Horse Sense

PAUL HARRINGTON, '26

EVERY year for a week during the month of August, all Dublin is agog over the Horse Show. This most famed exhibit of blooded horses in all the world attracts alike American tourists, London nobility, and Irish farmers. A large part of one afternoon is devoted to the jumping contests in the enclosure, picked jumpers striving to uphold the fame of master or mistress, of blood and training.

They are out early to get warmed up; a few shaggy, wiry ponies and an equal number of great, broad-backed, deep-chested, powerful brutes more fitted to the plow than the saddle; but by far the greater part of the group are the little, steel-muscled hunters, groomed to perfection, keyed to the pitch of a drawn bowstring. Their rolling, bloodshot eyes are filled with the terror the strange, restless crowd inspires; their distended nostrils show the cherry red of a cooling blast furnace in proximate contrast to the flecks of living foam that gleam on lips as sensitive as a woman's soul.

The while the attendants prepare the five-foot stone wall whose rocky mass will, ere the sun sets, rear itself another foot or more in an effort to stop the charge of the gallant half hundred. The contestants paw the earth and flash back and forth before the stands, living shuttles weaving wondrous designs in the mesh of the earth's green gown.

Many are the remarks of the spectators as the horses take their practice jumps. When the famous names with little to gain and all to lose take undue care in getting their approaches "just so," the crowd taunts them and chortles in glee at the wild abandon and carefree dash of the newcomers at the game. Youth threatens age and the world only waits to dance on the grave of the first to fall.

Now the contest begins; the horses are urged in a never ending stream over the barrier. When those who have failed once are given two more chances to clear the wall, and they fail or succeed, the obstacle is built up a few inches and the spectacle is reenacted.

Finally but a few of the best horses are left. A boy on a young, wild brown, a countess riding astride a dappled warrior, a "gentleman" on a gallant grey, a sweet-faced lady on a sidesaddled brown, and a skilful groom, directing a giant black, all take their turn. The grey loses courage twice and amid the shrill-voiced shrieks of the street-gamins and urchins, vending refreshments, and the loud laughter of the *hoi polloi*, the mustached "gentleman" sears sinuous welts on the satin grey skin with his writhing whip. In vain: her spirit is broken and she fails again, forcing the livid rider to retreat from the field. The

countess and her mount sweep into the stretch and rise at one, but the take-off is slippery and the jump falls short. Limping and with bleeding haunch, the dapple suffers himself to be led off the field by his stern-faced mistress. The side-saddled brown floats over safely and returns to his place while the rider bends forward to pat his head and whisper a word of encouragement, the while she smiles in a way that one ceases to wonder how such a "parlor" horse can perform so evidently beyond his physical limits. The brown pony wriggles over and his owner hugs the glistening neck in an ecstasy of happiness. The groom and the huge black, winners the year before, ride the barrier as a ship the wave, with the careful confidence experience breeds.

Twice more the skilled attendants add to the wall. Only two horses are left. Thrice has the lady failed by inches but each time there is the same pat, and word, and smile. The shout that signalizes her departure makes one wonder that mere winning is so highly prized. The black springs up, his style unchanged, but closer to the top now, much closer. The young brown has cleared though with only a ninch to spare, to the infinite satisfaction of the crowd, which is only too ready to discard the "has-been" the groom is riding so skilfully. Had you asked anyone in the crowd which horse they had rather own, not one would have picked the black, for the Dublin Horse Show crowd knows horses, yet by the caprice of human nature it cheered the almost unknown boy and "coddled" unmercifully the groom and his record-holding mount. Forgotten were those who had "also jumped," the so-lately-confident legions of Youth, the at-last-fallen heroes of the past, the "winners" predicted by the paper and prominent horsemen, the not-all-physical welts and limps and aches the others in the brilliant field had suffered and were to suffer in the long days that would pass before another chance would be given them. Thoughtlessness ruled and scarcely a face but bore a grin or a tongue but mouthed a quip when the winner cleared the wall.

Which won? I can not let you think of either of those splendid beasts as defeated, as you in common with almost all that crowd would think, as "also-rans." If I thought you were like one man I saw, I might tell you the result. He was sad-eyed and dreamy, and when a horse failed, a spasm as of physical pain passed over his face. Every catcall directed at a horse which balked or fell, criticism of a mount's effort or a rider's judgment (excepting cases of cruelty by these last), aroused in him wrath which boiled up in his very lips and was with evident effort thrust back upon itself. Once he muttered, "Why don't *you* go out there—," to some wit who had suggested the installation

of a lift for a certain horse.

I inquired if this man was an owner or trainer but found that he was "just old Sweeney, world's champion 'leaper' (or high jumper), that was, who would be gettin' the bit 'batty' at the jumps, thinkin' o' the days he used to be jumpin'." "It was himself," went on my informant, "was that excited now and again, what with writin' the papers

horses should have more understandin' and sympathy, as if that would be helpin' their jumpin' the half as much as a touch of the lash." I am afraid I amazed the good man by venturing that Sweeney, thanks to his former avocation, was the only man in the whole bloody multitude with any horse sense.



### JULIET

*(To Jane Cowl)*

Like a May rose  
Burst suddenly in bloom,  
Your fragile fragrance,  
Caught on soft Spring winds,  
Made women weep and men to stand in awe  
At your small leaves assailing  
On the scented winds.

The distant tang of summer  
Thrilled you into bloom,  
To glory in full womanhood  
At love,  
To sweeten earth with sudden beauty,  
And to leave, in passing,  
Only the painful memory of a thorny stem.

Blue skies had brought  
Warm blushes to your cheeks,  
But winter,  
Turning, for a fleeing look,  
Saw you and stopped.  
At his congealing kiss  
You shrank and withered,  
Leaving your lover only scattered leaves.

—ANTHONY SHEA

## *The Blessed Virgin in History*

JOHN M. RYAN, C.S.C.

**I**N all creation there is one privileged soul, the very name of whom fills the universe, a soul, placed in our homage next to the Almighty Himself. That soul, at whose very name every Catholic heart bursts forth in hymns of praise and sweet devotion, is Mary, the Mother of God. As holy church during the month of May recalls her white purity, her deep humility, and tender charity, an exultant thrill fills the hearts of all her children. But while every Catholic heart quickens and thrills at the name of Mary, there is a murmur of resentment from many uneducated and unknowing lips.

They ask, "Who is this whom Catholics have placed upon a pinnacle of glory, have shrouded with the brightness of the sun and so deified that the very God who made her has grown obscure and insignificant?" The early church adored the babe of Bethlehem, now it is the mother beside the crib—the babe is well nigh forgotten. At one time, He who treaded the bloody path of Calvary was the guide men followed, now it is the woman who meets Him at the turning of the streets. Formerly it was the cross at which men sought consolation, the cross whose lustre has long since become obscured, by the glory of Mary standing at its feet.

Does history justify this statement? The Catholic church never has and never can deify Mary. It is a fundamental Catholic teaching that a creature, a being of a created nature, never can be made into a God, though honored by whatsoever high titles and homage. We are told that the apostles and fathers did not extol and reverence her. Does not St. John the Apostle, to whom we should naturally turn since it was he who acted in the place of Christ toward Mary after the Crucifixion, does he not place our Lady in a position high above all other creatures? Is it not Mary he refers to in the Apocalyptic vision?

"A great sign appeared in the heavens; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet; and on her head a crown of twelve stars, And she was with child."

No student of scripture denies that the child here spoken of is Christ. Why, then, is not the woman Mary, His mother? All non-Catholics admit that the child is Christ and yet they deny that the woman is she whose seed the child is. In Genesis where the fall of man is narrated, the woman is not an allegory, a parable, but Eve. Why, then, in this case must we say that the woman is not Mary; but an allegory, a figure of the church or of something else?

The Arian heresy which flourished during the fourth century denied that Christ was the one everlasting, infinite and supreme Being. The Arians would not admit that He was God and yet

they maintained He was more than man; the most perfect of creatures. They all but confessed Christ to be All-mighty. They said much more of him than any Catholic has ever dared to say of Mary, even while maintaining that He was a creature. But St. John says "There is a wonder in the heavens, a throne far above all other created powers, mediatorial and intercessory; a title archetypal; a crown bright as the morning star, a glory issuing from the eternal throne, robes as pure as the heavens and a sceptre over all." If we are wrong in claiming that this woman so exalted in the Apocalypse is Mary, then the blasphemers against her Son are right. The Arians and those who denied the divinity of Christ are orthodox, if Rome is Idolatrous.

Not only does St. John thus exalt and honor Mary, but the Fathers of every age literally fulfil the prophecy uttered in that sublime canticle, the "Magnificat." "Henceforth all nations shall call me blessed." From the earliest of Christian writers down to our own day, every age and country, whether it is the pen of a Justin, Ignatius, Irenaeus, Tertullian or Origen, the strain is always the same. Or advancing beyond the days of the persecutions to Epiphanius, Cyril, Jerome and Augustine, we ever find her apart and exalted above other creatures. Just as it would be tedious even to mention the Fathers who honored Mary, so too would it be to quote even small passages from those mentioned. Let us be content with two: Irenaeus the immediate disciple of the apostles says, "Eve becoming disobedient was the cause of the death both of herself and the whole human race. Mary by being obedient is the cause of salvation. St. Augustine, a favorite of non-Catholics, says "All have sinned except the Holy Virgin Mary, concerning whom, I wish no question to be raised when we are treating of sin."

But it is true, Mary is not prominent in Ecclesiastical literature before the fifth century; and the reason is easily to be seen. What was the great concern of the church during these first five centuries? Open any church history, be it Catholic or infidel and the answer is written large across its pages. Was Christ God or was He man? It was the question of the Incarnation. This had to be answered before Mary's position in the economy of grace could be so much as thought of and was not answered until the Fathers in council at Ephesus gathered to defend Christ's divinity, declared Mary was the "Mother of God."

Everyone knows how for three centuries the profession of Christianity meant death. Hardly had the bloodthirsty Empire been vanquished than the church had to oppose worse enemies, traitors within her own bosom. Everywhere heretics arose who found it in themselves, owing to the pagan philoso-

phy they had studied and the pagan ideas they had retained, to deny first, the divinity, and then the humanity of Christ. Human reason cannot understand how God and man could be united in one personality. Faith alone gives the key and these men, weak in faith, denied the dogma. Arianism and Nestorianism had to be refuted and having proved that Christ was divine, there was but one way eminently fitted to refute the heretics, and that was to show them Christ really became man. To point to Mary, of whose flesh He was flesh, of whose bone He was bone, she who had carried Him in her womb and nursed Him at her breast. It was in order to do honor to Christ, in order to defend the true doctrine of the Incarnation, in order to secure a right faith in the manhood of the eternal son that the council of Ephesus, in the fifth century decreed that Mary was the mother of God. It was heresy which drove the church to determine first the inconceivable greatness of the man God and then the incommunicable dignity of His Virgin mother.

Was it not fitting that God should thus honor this maid of Israel, she who had treasured humility and above all other virtues? Other maidens were free to seek the furthest shores of fame, to gaze with longing eyes into the future, vainly hoping that one day they might bear the Messiah. A vow of virginity had, humanly speaking, put away all these hopes from Mary. She was content to be the smallest of God's creatures, to look forever upward from her lowliness and feel the sunshine of God's love. Lifted from her chosen state of lowliness and preferred of all women by God, the very Cantic which bursts from her overflowing heart is one of humility. From Nazareth to Calvary, her life was one act of humility and love. Mary never manifested her realization of the fact that she was to transmit to man the power of Bethlehem, Nazareth, Gethsemani, and Calvary. She seems to have thought it of slight importance to the wonder of the redemption that the Redeemer was to have a mother; unimportant that Christ was her Child, that she had watched over Him only as a mother can her first born babe; unimportant that for months and years He was helplessly dependent upon her, for longer years still He lived by her side and grew up in her sight, that He revered her, helped her, obeyed her and called her mother. To her mind it was not extraordinary that she should be one of the few to stand at the foot of the cross; she regarded it as her place to receive the last words of her dying Son. Humble from the beginning to the end, the crucifixion completed, Mary sinks once more into obscurity and allows the infant church to start upon its mission. Hidden but not forgotten, Mary remains, until the Incarnation was challenged. Then it was, when heresy denied Christ's humanity, that Mary, His mother, was brought forward, that the name of Mary became the lisp of every babe, the prayer of every youth and maiden, the password of the aged to eternity.

Heresy forced the church to declare Mary the Mother of God, and heresy has been the cause of all of her jeweled crown of titles. Rightly does the church sing in the office: "Rejoice, O Virgin Mary, for Thou alone hast destroyed all the heresies of the whole world." Read the history of heresy and you will find that every heretic who ever sold his soul to Satan considered it one of his first duties to slight and deny some one of our lady's prerogatives. The same history will show you that it was only when their deluded followers again turned to the mother of God that the heresy was destroyed. To cite examples would be to recount the history of Christianity. It would mean to narrate the rise and growth of all of Our Lady's titles.

Let us again be content with two examples. The first is one taken from those very centuries when devotion to Our Lady is supposed to have been unknown. It is an instance well known in history and remarkable from the names of the two persons, one the name of the subject, the other the historian. St. Gregory of Nyssa in the Fourth Century relates that his namesake the bishop of Neo-Caesarea, known in history as the "wonder-worker," received in a vision a creed from the Blessed Virgin at the hands of St. John. The account runs thus: "He was deeply studying theological doctrines, which the heretics were corrupting. In such thoughts, says his namesake of Nyssa, Gregory was passing the night when one appeared as if in human form, aged in appearance, saintly in the fashion of his garments and very venerable of countenance. Opposite to him, appeared another form in the shape of a woman but more than human. When his eyes could not bear the apparition he heard them conversing upon the subject of his doubt. Thus he heard the woman bid John the Evangelist to disclose to the young man the mystery of Godliness and John answered that he was ready to comply in this matter with the wishes of the mother of the Lord." This creed thus disclosed, according to Cardinal Newman, still exists and was used successfully by St. Gregory Thaumaturgus to refute these early Christian heretics.

The other example is one in which the prayer used is familiar to us all. During the thirteenth century, the Albigensian heresy was, under various names, devastating Europe. Nothing seemed able to check its progress. It was then that Dominic, the young Spanish missionary, turned in despair to Mary. He taught and preached the "Hail Mary" and immediately the heresy was stopped, rolled back, and all but swept from Europe.

These are only two of many similar instances, but they in themselves are sufficient to prove Mary's right to be called the destroyer of heresy. They are but examples of what is shown by an examination of all or any one of the heresies that have arisen in the church from Arius to Luther and the thousands of creeds to which the latter by his apostacy gave birth. In every case, Mary is



among the first attacked and it was her clients who did the most to defeat the new assaults of Satan. What is more striking still, it is only when Mary is put back upon her pedestal in the hearts of the deluded that the heresy crumbles and falls. Far from sustaining the position of those opposed to our devotion to Mary, history shows that in every age Mary was the one to whom the faithful instinctively turned when heresy arose, and she has never been appealed to in vain.

Is it strange then, that Mary's name is heard so frequently among Catholics, that the church has tapestried the year with her many feasts, that the May-time is for Mary? Was it not as a defense

of the Incarnation of Christ that she came forward so glorious in the fifth century? Every hymn sung in her honor, every prayer in her name, every thought to further her devotion, instead of detracting from and obscuring the name of Jesus, is today as in all centuries, only an increasing and furthering of devotion to Him. It is the bringing more clearly before our minds the central dogma of our faith—the Incarnation. To us and for us Mary is always human. She is not a goddess, though she is "our tainted nature's solitary boast." We love and honor Mary because we love and honor her Son and because He Himself, though God, did not disdain to call her Mother.



### BEAUTY

You are the gold of a sun-washed dune,  
The dream of an angel asleep.

You are the rays of an amorous moon  
Kissing the breast of the deep.

You are the song of a bird as it flies  
To carol the birth of the morn.

You are the light in a young mother's eyes  
As she watches the child she has borne.

You are the memory of lilies at night,  
The love-chastened breath of a rose.

You are the ghost of forgotten moon-light  
On water that sings as it flows.

—ANSELM MILLER, '25.



*Sappy Springtime*

W. PORTER WITTICH, '27

Spring! Beautiful, glorious, inspirational Spring! The flowers bud, warm breezes blow, the birds twitter, and something snaps inside the writer. He sits down to his typewriter with confidence and courage; something is stirring within his soul and it must come out. The warm weather has started the sap flowing — nice, sweet, emotional SAP! It loosens wondrous thoughts from out the brain; it trickles down the spine and flows out through the fingers: big juicy drops of literature; it gushes forth in unrestrained fountains of inspiration; it forms great puddles of poetry around the feet of the writer. Wonderful and original ideas ooze out with the sap and are immediately smeared on countless sheets of white paper. The whole business is sappy—and the writer is pleased with the world.

Some people mistake this reaction of stored-up sap for inspiration. "At last!" cries the writer (under the mellow influence of a warm May sun) "I have become a genius;" and thus saying he rushes to his typewriter where he clicks off any number of lines, all pertaining to blue skies, laughing eyes, butterflies, etc. Let him go. It's good for him. He is merely thawing out after a long cold winter. He is ridding himself of all the sap he stored up last December, January and February—useless literary sap, and Spring is the time when nature urges him to get it out of his system.

BUT, if you are not inspired by Spring, don't chuckle—Spring inspires only an active mind—to the rest of us it gives Spring fever.



## GOLDEN DREAMS

I had a dream—  
And I was a golden bird,  
I sought to scream  
But no one ever heard.

For liquid love  
Fled from my golden tongue,  
Echoed above,  
And on the star points hung.

Then dropped away,  
And drop by drop they fled  
Their burning way  
To love once living—dead.

I woke and said,  
"Such are my golden dreams  
Their glory fled  
Are only phantom beams."

—FRANK O'TOOLE, '28.

## Sir Thomas More

CHARLES PORTMAN

*An essay on Agnes M. Stewart's volume,  
"The Life and Letters of Sir Thomas  
More."*

WE have in Sir Thomas More one of the most noble Christian heroes that England has produced. As the author so perfectly states it, "he was doubtlessly destined by Providence as a bright example, to show unto others how they should educate their children, serve their country, and, at the same time, practice the Christian virtues of piety, humility and continency."

Sir Thomas was born in a fashionable section of London in the year, 1480. His ancestry is very obscure. The absence of all evidence to the contrary allows one to presume that his pedigree did not extend beyond his father. His modest epitaph helps to bear out this conclusion: "Thomne Morus, urbe Londonesi familia non celebrie sed honesta natus."

It is not known how long arms were quartered in the More family but it is probable that to Sir Thomas' mother the quartering belonged. Little is known of his mother. Her maiden name was Handcornbe. She was born in Bedfordshire and died shortly after the birth of Sir Thomas. His father, Sir John, was a superior judge for more than twelve years and appears to have reached some degree of eminence as such.

This inquiry into his ancestry is interesting only in that it leads one to believe that Sir Thomas possessed only an humble one which makes his chancellorship and eminence in those days of social barriers and prejudices all the more convincing of his unusual worthiness.

He was carefully educated by his father who early perceived his talents. His early education was obtained at St. Anthony's Free School in Threadneedle Street, a school founded by Henry V, and the most celebrated in London during More's time. His precocity and diligence soon became apparent and his rapid advances in Latin were particularly promising.

In his fifteenth year young More was removed to the household of Cardinal Morton, which was an extremely fortunate circumstance as the cultured, erudite influence of the Cardinal was all that could be desired. How he succeeded in getting there is mostly a matter of conjecture but it is thought due to the friendship of Sir John and the Cardinal. Only the most highly recommended youths of illustrious families were admitted. The prelate early noticed the wit and genius of his new protege and foretold that More would develop into an exceptional man. Not satisfied with his house as the proper grooming

place, the impressed Cardinal decided to send More to Oxford and accordingly placed him in Canterbury College there. Good fortune again favored More for at Oxford he had such brilliant teachers as Linacre and Gerocyn in the classic tongues. The priceless acquaintanceship with Erasmus, the Dutch Theologian, with Wolsey, the bursar of Magdalen College, and with Colet the distinguished scholar, aided young More immeasurably in the development of his responsive mind.

At Oxford, More studied most assiduously, and did not allow the indulgent pleasures of his fellow students to distract him in the least. A deeply infused sentiment of religion prevented him from misdirecting his natural vivacity and cheerfulness. He was not yet twenty when he began an intensive study of law at Lincoln's Inn.

After mastering the fundamentals of law, he became undecided as to whether to enter the religious state or to take a part in the world affairs. After a four-year trial among the Carthusians, not binding himself to vow, he decided that the religious state was not his life's vocation. This decision was doubtlessly prompted by God, for his life was a peerless example of virtue among the busy scenes of the world.

Colet who had now become Dean of St. Paul's was More's spiritual director, and by his letters and personal contact, held him steadfast during his most trying moments.

More wed shortly after his decision to pursue world activities. His choice was the eldest daughter of a Mr. Colt of New Hall in Essex. He took up his residence at Bucklersbury and proceeded to build an ideal home. In the course of years, four children came, and shortly after the last one entered the world, his beloved wife died. Absorbed in the law, for now he had been called to the bench, it became necessary for the well-being of his children that he take a second wife and accordingly after two years, he espoused the widow, Alice Middleton. She was a hard-featured, worldly, grasping woman but proved a careful kind mother to his children, and to her own daughter, Margaret, by her first husband.

Seven years after his second marriage, his courageous and upright character as a lawyer caused him to incur the ill will of Henry VII. More's fame as an orator had landed him a seat in a new Parliament which was called to grant the king a subsidy. More spoke so effectively against the exorbitant exactions the king demanded that he succeeded in getting a vote of denial. That a "beardless boy" should so offend him, inflamed Henry's wrath and he made life so uncomfortable that young More

even contemplated leaving England. But the death of Henry preserved him for the service of his country.

From the first, Wolsey was the prime favorite of Henry VIII. as the Cardinal was acquainted with More this portended well for the latter. The king's attention was brought strongly to bear on the fearless young lawyer by the fact that the king was bested in a case over the restitution of a ship, belonging to the Pope. More pleaded the case at the request of the Papal Nuncio and presented his arguments so precisely, clearly, and learnedly that restitution was decreed. The king himself was at the hearing and was so impressed that he commissioned Wolsey to call More to court. Having a very lucrative practice he was loath to act at the king's request and it was finally with much misgiving that he acquiesced.

In the year 1514, More left the bar and was sworn into the Privy Council. "No man," Erasmus said, "ever strove harder to gain admittance at court than More to keep out of it." Even with the multi-fold duties which now fell upon More he found leisure to compose works which brought him much praise.

More was soon raised from his position in the Privy Council to Treasurer of the Exchequer, a highly honorable and lucrative position. Riches and honors then lay at his feet but he was never diverted from his God or thought of the hereafter. Court favors and honors had no effect on this saintly man. Through all his pomp and ceremony he never lost sight of his obligations to his family, and the Christian household, which he maintained at Chelsea—where he had moved from Bucklersbury—was an ideal one. In it religion was emphasized but did not cast a shadow on innocent pleasure or cheerful relaxation. Christian philosophy governed his domain with good cheer and wit, and his even temper made all his family agreeable and peaceful. His admonitions were most effective. As an example, you see virtue rewarded and vice punished and so you are carried thither by the chins; but if you chance to see the day when none shall give you good example, or good advice, and you shall rather see virtue punished and vice rewarded, if then you stand fast, and cling close to God,—then, on my life, though you be only half good, God will count you as whole good." Again, "We must not look to go to heaven on feather beds. Our Lord Himself went thither only by suffering, and the servant must not look to be in better case than his master." He would never allow his family foolish indulgence nor would he tolerate vanity. Sir Thomas was most careful as to the education of his children, and it may be said that he started the movement for better education of the female sex. His chief care seems to have been to make his children virtuous as well as learned. He was always felicitous as to their welfare and watched them with the kindly eye of consideration and virtue. Amidst the distractions

of court duties he always kept in close contact with his children, and when he could not be at home he found leisure to compose letters full of wisdom and fatherly love.

The most irksome duty of More at this time was ambassador work on the continent for five years. The king was honoring him in these embassies but to be torn from his country and family was most trying. Most of his time was spent in France and the Netherlands and the excellence of his work may be attested by the later favors bestowed by the king. During his continental work the king often recalled him as his majesty took pleasure in his company and conversation. But despite all the honors given him, Sir Thomas was devoid of pride, was even thoughtful of his friends, and always obliging and cheerful.

In 1516 More, wrote in Latin, his "Utopia," to show the peril to which governments are exposed. It was especially aimed at his own country in which he seemed to sense a coming cataclysm. This work was translated into all languages and brought More instant fame. The perfect family circle pictured in "Utopia" is happily reflected in Sir Thomas' own home. Of it Erasmus wrote: "His house appears to enjoy the happiness that all who live therein become better in their moral character, as well as improved in condition, and no stain has ever fallen on their reputation.... and no quarreling or angry words are ever heard, every one does his duty cheerfully. . . . Such a household deserves to be called a school of Christian religion."

The versatile, ever-ready Sir Thomas, when heresies like a torrent formed in Germany and Flanders and then deluged London, brought his pen and talent to the support of mother Church. His extensive knowledge of scholastic philosophy stood him in good stead and he accomplished much against the heresies of Luther, the notorious Fiske and the insidious writings of Frith. He also brought his wayward son-in-law, Mr. Roper, back to the Church after that rather foolish man had been carried away by the writings of Luther.

Now we will pass on to the crisis in More's life, the result of which finally ended in his death at the order of Henry VIII. The king's incontinence and faithlessness, which had been hidden so skillfully, finally came into view when he decided to divorce the virtuous Katherine of Arragon in order to wed Anne Boleyn. The king's case was laid before the first literary man in the kingdom, Sir Thomas More, but he claimed only theologians could pass on the case and referred the king to writings of St. Augustine and other distinguished doctors. When the king insisted on his judgment he only put him off saying he would consider the subject.

Wolsey at first inclined to aid the king, repented and would take no action except as directed from Rome. His inactivity, so enraged the king, that finally Henry listened to Anne Boleyn, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk that he strip the Cardinal

of every office and dignity. Thus the Cardinal lost his Chancellorship, and was forced to retire to Esher, a seat belonging to his Bishopric of Winchester.

Who was to be the next Chancellor? It was finally decided that Sir Thomas More, who still stood high in the king's favor, should be the new chancellor.

Erasmus addressed a single sentence to John Fabius, Bishop of Vienna concerning this promotion: "Concerning the new increase of honor experienced by Thomas More, I should easily make you believe it, were I to show you the letters of many famous men rejoicing with much alacrity, congratulating the king, the realm, himself, and also me, on his promotion to be Lord Chancellor of England."

The far-sighted, humble More saw far past the pomp and dignity of his office, and realizing the fate that had overtaken Wolsey at the hands of the ungrateful king, he seemed to see far ahead the fate in store for himself. He knew that never would he betray his God, regardless of king or tower or block.

After two years of work as Chancellor, More realized that his position was becoming untenable. Henry was more and more determined to get a divorce and Sir Thomas realized that a break with Rome was certain. Finally, when the king again pressed him as to his idea regarding the divorce, he fell on his knees uttering; "And God knoweth how much it paineth me that in this matter I cannot serve your Grace." More now realized that to remain a faithful Catholic and at the same time act as Chancellor and Minister to the King would be impossible. He then courageously decided to deliver up the Great Seal, pleading ill health.

The king courteously received the seal, saying: "In any future suit which you may hereafter have, which may affect either your honour or your profit, you shall not fail to find me a good and gracious Lord."

To sacrifice his lordship and the large emoluments attendant on the Chancellorship, in order to avoid an open quarrel with his beloved king was More's noble offering to his faith.

Eminent as was the ex-chancellor for integrity, wisdom and virtue, the King had ardently longed to win him over to espouse his interests. Failing in his attempt to force More to take the oath acknowledging the supremacy of the king, he resolved to punish him by death. Accordingly he was summoned before the Kings' Bench and after one of the blackest trials on the dockets of England's High Court, condemned to death.

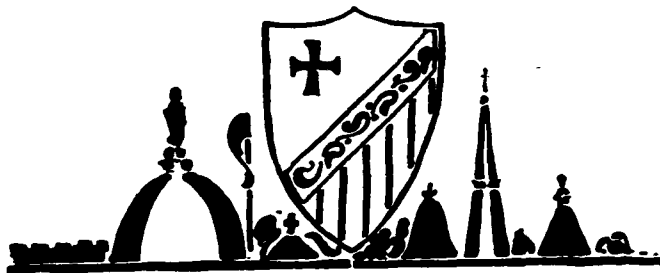
We will pass over the cruel preliminaries to the execution. As More was led to the scaffold, he paused for a moment and looked at it steadily; then he said, placing his hand on the executioner's shoulder: "I pray you, sir, to see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself." Mounting the scaffold he was about to address the throng that had assembled to witness the execution, but the Sheriff interrupted him. He then reverently knelt and said the *Miserere* aloud. When he had finished, he arose and was ready. A moment later the martyr's head was severed from his body, and his soul was speeding toward heaven.

Thus ended the life of the great Sir Thomas More, who for his judgment, humanity, devotion, sweetness of temper, and contempt of the world, was the ornament of his own, and may be an example to every age.

### NEAR DAWN

The saffron sickle of the moon  
Has clipped the garden of the night;  
And countless flower-stars are strewn  
To wither in the morning light. . .  
But withering, they leave with me  
A pensive, perfumed memory.

—ANSELM MILLER



## *John Singer Sargent*

GEORGE FRANC VINSON, '28

**J**OHN SINGER SARGENT, recently deceased, is hailed as the greatest of modern painters. While Americans may rightfully claim Sargent he is in reality a man of many nations.

Born in Italy of American parents, his first childish tongue was German. Later in life he came to speak six languages with the ease of a native. But he himself always asserted that he was an American, and when Queen Victoria offered him the privilege of English citizenship, he respectfully declined. If not an absolute American by birth he is certainly an American by right of ancestry, some of his ancestors having fought in the battle of Bunker Hill and in the Indian Wars. His mother Mary Newbold (Singer) Sargent came of a distinguished old Philadelphia family. She was handsome and accomplished, being a proficient painter in water colors.

The boy, therefore, may be said to have inherited his love for the beautiful from the cradle, and as he grew in years, he was surrounded by every congenial influence. He received his early education under instructors at Florence. He was fired with ambition, and soon had a huge portfolio of drawings. He was then sent to Paris to study under Carolus Duron. When Duron saw the works of Sargent, he remarked: "There is much to be unlearned." However,

he soon realized that Sargent had talent far above the average, and he labored to develop it.

In assisting Duron with some government commission, Sargent learned the secrets of the French technique. His chief works are in portrait and genre. Among his portraits may be mentioned that of "Carolus Duron," "General Leonard Wood," "Mr. Joseph Jefferson," "Major Francis Lee Higginson," "Homer St. Gaudens," "President Roosevelt," "Henry G. Marquant," "William M. Chase" and "Carmenata." His genres include: "Fishing for Oysters at Concale" "Neapolitan Children Bathing" and "El Joleo." His most original and ambitious works, however, are the decorations in the Boston Library, which include the now famous "Frieze of the Prophets."

As a painter, his manner is French in brilliant versatility and epigram, but his treatment is infinitely superior to the millinery effects of Duron and his school.

In 1910, Sargent practically abandoned portraiture for landscapes, and genre subjects. Among his later oil paintings are "The Weavers," "Cypress and Pines," and "The Courtyard." A notable exhibition of his works was held in London and New York in 1912 from which the Boston museum acquired forty-five and the Brooklyn museum eighty-three examples.

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### NAZARETH

I like to think there was a May,  
Long time ago, fair as today,  
And that a child saw waking hills,  
And clutched at yellow daffodils,  
That had, like he, just found the Spring;  
Or that with toddling haste he'd bring  
A stone still dewy from the morn.  
A blade of grass just lately born,  
To Mother, smiling at his play:  
It seems a pleasant thought for May.

—ROBERT HENNES, '27.

# BOOK LEAVES

JOSEPH P. BURKE, '25

Amy Lowell's "John Keats," which is now in the University Library, is being praised and blamed on every hand. Most of the blame, all of it in fact, relates to the surprisingly careless English in which Miss Lowell has at times written her work. But the work itself is too big a thing, too fine, too important, to be damned for a few textual errors. It is the most complete, comprehensive, and exhaustive biography of any man of letters ever published; this verdict is given here without reservation. And besides this, it is as interesting as a novel. No man studying English literature or interested in poetry, or making any pretensions to literary culture, can afford to miss reading "John Keats."

(CH. PH.)

\* \* \* \* \*

Benjamin Musser, whose contributions to *The Catholic World* are well known, and whose new volume of poetry, "Chiaroscuro," has recently appeared (Four Seas Company, Boston) is critically ill at his home in Margate, N. J. Mr. Musser is a convert and brother of an eminent Episcopalian archdeacon. Mr. Musser's satire on the "new poetry"—"the vital now"—was one of the outstanding features of the first issue of *Pan*.

\* \* \* \* \*

The April "International Book Review" contains a flattering review of Prof. Charles Phillips' "New Poland" from the pen of Prof. Lord of Harvard. This is the book which Prof. Carleton Hayes of Columbia recently included in the new edition of his "Political and Social History of Modern Europe," as a reference work.

\* \* \* \* \*

While the "movie world" is all agog over Meriam Cooper's "Grass," to which picture even the *Literary Digest* devoted a page last week, the book "Grass," is beginning to create a sensation in the reading world. This is the second book of real adventure published this year by Cooper, through Putnams. Both "The Sea Gypsy" and "Grass" are stories of the kind that make a man want to go wandering over the world.

\* \* \* \* \*

It's fun for college men to get the "inside dope" on their professors. In the April *Catholic World*, Prof. Charles Phillips reveals some interesting chapters of his life as a "greenhorn." "Some Memories of a Greenhorn" is the title of this auto-

biographical article, and through its pages we meet Roosevelt, Yeats, Egan, and other celebrities.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Six One-Act Plays" is the title of a new volume by Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S. J., just published by Benzigers. The little dramas included in the book are of varying theme, but all adapted to the stage, and all of a real literary as well as dramatic value.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jack London "fans" are divided in opinion regarding Mrs. Rose Wilder Lane's new novel "He Was a Man." The story is really a fictionized account of the famous California author's life. Some of the critics feel that the subject has not been done complete justice. But all seem to agree that Mrs. Lane's novel is an interesting yarn, even though at times a bit long drawn out and over realistic.

\* \* \* \* \*

That indefatigable adventurer and writer, Ferdinand Ossendowski, whose former books on Asiatic Russia stirred up all sorts of controversy, is just out with a new one, "The Shadow of the Gloomy East." This is frankly an indictment of the Bolshevik regime in Russia, and as such has stirred the anger of the Reds. It is written in the fascinating, almost sensational, style which made the previous Ossendowski books best-sellers.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The Dark Hours" by Don Marquis (who, by the way is one of the "outside" sponsors of the new Notre Dame magazine *Pan*) is a revelation to many readers who have known Marquis only as a humorous writer. "The Dark Hours" is a Passion Play, and it is written in such a deeply reverent spirit that it might almost have come from a Catholic pen.

\* \* \* \* \*

The publishing house of D. Appleton & Co. is celebrating its centennial year, the firm dating from 1825, when Daniel Appleton opened his store in New York. The first Appleton book appeared in 1831. It was a devotional book entitled, "Crumbs from the Master's Table," made up entirely of verses from the Bible. In commemoration of their centennial the Appletons have issued a little volume containing "Portrait of a Publisher," by Grant Overton and "The First Hundred Years of the House of Appleton, 1825-1925."

*Disillusionment*

E. C., '25

I AM in a position very like that of Moliere's famous character, Monsieur Jourdain, who upon asking to be taught the art of prose composition, was astounded to learn that he had been speaking nothing but prose all his life. For years I had cheered my favorite gladiators through round after round of thrilling bouts to glorious newspaper decisions. I had rooted myself hoarse and weak as the home team eked out a precarious ninth-inning victory over the diamond forces of a rival municipality. I had indulged in alternate spasms of frenzied cheering and devout prayer as the men of my alma mater finally emerged "bloody but unbowed" from a bitter football struggle—and the funny part of it is that on all of these occasions I really thought that I was having a sublimely glorious time! Much serious thought and deep introspection since, however, has convinced me that what I thought were transports were merely exquisite tortures. For years I had unconsciously been subjecting myself to a series of intense and entirely unnecessary agonies.

The Notre Dame-Stanford game of last New Year's Day is an ideal example of an important athletic contest in which partisanship reached the highest pitch of intensity. Almost every one of the fifty thousand persons who attended that spectacular classic of the gridiron, no doubt, sincerely thinks that he enjoyed it, whereas he is in fact confusing the enjoyment of the

game itself with the tremendous relief which followed it. The majority of the spectators did not enjoy the actual forty minutes of play any more than a devoted son delights in the suspense of a trial which ends in the acquittal of his father of a charge of murder.

At the Pasadena game I spent several interesting moments in contemplating the ghastly tense faces, the imploring eyes, and even the lips that moved in fervent prayer, of those who sat near me in the stands. The ironical thought then occurred to me that those agonized creatures who so intently watched the progress of the struggle in the arena far below, had actually paid five dollars apiece to be stretched on the rack. Like the old woman who wore tight shoes "because it feels so good when I take 'em off," the multitudes that swarmed into the stadium that day exchanged an hour of exquisite torture for the relief which they hoped would accompany a victory for their favorite—but, if they were strongly partisan, they did not enjoy the game! I only get pleasure out of the actual contest when the home team is winning by ten runs or when my football favorites are running roughshod over their opponents. When a game is so close that I am sitting on the edge of my seat and biting my fingernails and uttering occasional fervent ejaculations, then I am quite sure that I am not enjoying myself.



## QUESTIONING THE MOON

They call you mother of romance,  
Parent of lunatics, too,  
Yet is there a difference between them,  
Are lovers not fools when they woo?

—ARTHUR STENIUS, '28.



# THE MAIL

Thomas W. Coman

James E. Armstrong

The March *Alumnus* contains this frank opinion from the usually charitable pen of Professor Phillips. . . . "This is what I found at Notre Dame; a school with some 2000 odd students. . . ."

—NDS—

## THE ANANIAS CLUB

"So I came in about one o'clock feeling pretty tough. I banged at the Rector's door and pretty soon he opened it, sort of scared like. 'Say,' I says, 'What do you mean lockin' a guy out at this time of night?' 'Excuse me,' he says in a trembling voice, 'I didn't know you were out.' So he makes me a pot of coffee and some sandwiches, comes up stairs with me and tells me funny stories till I go to sleep. And since then we haven't had a bit of trouble."

—Lilac L.

—NDS—

"Prof," said Mike Neitzel as he handed in his thesis, "If I don't get my diploma, I'll never be able to look another lamb chop in the face."

—NDS—

Gus Stange says he never has any trouble in traffic. The cops always give him the sign and the other cars pull over to the curb when they see him coming.

—NDS—

## THE TALES OF ABNER

OR

THE MAN WHO STANDS ALONE

A SERIAL

BY ONE WHO KNOWS AND KNOWS AND KNOWS.

### Preface

The motive behind the writing of this is to bring before the boys of Notre Dame the life of a man whose deeds entitle him to a place with the immortals. This man is none other than our own Abner A. Winters. He is also known as "The Perfect Lover of Notre Dame," "The Man in the Case." etc.

## CHAPTER I.

### Abner's Childhood—

The year 1905 was an eventful one in the history of Mouthsport, Ohio. We have several rea-

sons for making this statement. Some of the more important are: They paved the street; Uncle Hiram built a new red barn; the train schedule was revised so that the trains would stop every two days instead of once a week, and—the stork paid its annual visit to the city and presented Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Winters with a BEAUTIFUL baby boy. This last event took place on April 1. (The author has heard several funny stories linking Abner's actions with the date of his birth, but judge for yourself dear readers.)

Like all other babies young Winters needed a name. This was, indeed, a serious problem until Aunt Sarah struck upon the happy thought that the new arrival possessed a striking likeness to Mr. A. Mutt, of "Mutt and Jeff." Upon further examination it was found that Mr. Mutt's first name was Abner. His parents liked that name so well that they gave it to him twice, hence Abner Abner Winters. It was not long before Abner began to make a noise for himself. His first words were "I'm a Sheik."

By the time he was two years old his fame had reached the ears of Mr. P. T. Barnum, the circus king, who was in need of talent for the coming season, so he made a hurried trip to Mouthport. On seeing BEAUTIFUL Abner he is quoted as having said, "You can fool some of the people all of the time, all of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time."

It didn't take the fair sex long to realize the fact that you don't find boys like Abner every day, and by the time he was seven he had five proposals, was the cause of three hair-pulling contests, and caused two girls to go to the convent. His pet hobby was the admiration of beauty. It is said that he used to spend hours before the mirror gazing upon his lovely countenance.

He started to school at the age of eight and, by the time that he was ten, he could tell the difference between black and white and even, if not taken unaware, could distinguish between hot and cold. Ever since Abner has been able to walk he has set the style for Mouthsport. If he said it was bell-bottom pants they wore them, or red neckties, they wore them. The Prince of Wales might be good enough for the rest of the world, but Mouthsport sticks to its Abner.



## CHAPTER II.

*Abner The Youth.*

In the preceding chapter you have learned that Abner was an exceptional baby. This just reminds me of another important story connected with Abner's period of adolescence. Abner is one of the few babies that never cried for Castoria. Aunt Sarah had her own ideas as to how a BEAUTIFUL baby ought to be raised, believing that anything that made a baby cry wasn't good for it, so Abner is a living advertisement for Mellins Food.

To go on with the story, the most important thing that can be said of Abner is that he grew, grew, and grew. Some said that he looked like a chip off the old block even from the time he was a little shaver, but others just said that the family tree must have its sap. If you were to ask Abner to what he attributes his figure and beauty, he probably would reply, Yeast, Postum, Fairy soap and the fresh country atmosphere that is so prevalent in Mouthsport. As a youth Abner's favorite sport was canoeing. This sport, however, brought him to grief one fine summer's day. Abner started up the creek on a fishing trip. He fished and fished and, by the time that he got up the creek, he was so tired that he decided to take a little nap. All was fine until Abner awoke and found the paddle gone. It was nearly supper time so he waded back home and when he arrived, he received a paddling for getting his feet wet and—for losing the paddle.

To show that Abner is a versatile youth we will also tell you of the time he participated in the class play in High School. Abner took the part of the blind man in a dark room trying to find a black cat that wasn't there, but to prove again that Abner is an exceptional youth he found two cats. Abner's youth, however, was not all sunshine, as one would imagine. In 1918 (which will be remembered as the year of the black snow) Abner had elephantitis. This is generally fatal but exceptional Abner fooled them again.

*Chapters three and four to be continued  
next week, possibly.*

—NDS—

Father Gallagan's new sun parlor and band-stand is attracting many visitors from other halls. It is rumored that the improvement was a *coup d'etat* to secure the elite of the campus in the room reservation. Father Haggerty had better keep an eye on his back-door neighbor.

—NDS—

After the Engineers' issue of the SCHOLASTIC we saw five Engineers reading poetry; nine A. B. men trying to buy tickets to Dr. Walsh's lecture on Pasteur, and two conscience-stricken Juniors turning in low numbers at the registrar's.

One man suggested that Luther's showing on Saturday called for another reformation.

We fear from certain comments on the campus that some of the "students" have experienced a thrill that is usually reserved for henpecked husbands—to have a pan go sailing over their heads.

—NDS—

The new radio station means that the students are not the only ones who can "get the air." Which reminds us that someone (many by this time) suggested that the station letters be WIND.

—NDS—

Mister Sullivan's gift explains why the S.A.C. were practicing broadcasting last month.

—NDS—

The Board of Discipline will be relieved to know that all will be law and order at the Senior Ball. None other than the good SCHOLASTIC is responsible for the statement that the "ball proper" will begin promptly at 10 o'clock P. M.

—NDS—

Another news item contained a sad mistake. No longer does the Michigan Agricultural College blush under that opprobrious and suggestive title. For all purposes of publicity that school is now known as the Michigan State College of Applied Science, Liberal Arts, and Agriculture. We make this statement so that Eddie Luther can be planning his yells accordingly.

—NDS—

## AN ENGINEER'S DESPAIR

I'm tired of eating Ollie's steak;

I'm tired of drinking ink—

I want to raise a mustache

And sit alone and think.

I'll bathe in a leather bath tub,

In mucilage and dew,

And pull myself in a deep, dark hole

And pull the hole in too.

There will I sit as donkey's bray,

And eat of bread and cheese,

And write with a pen and purple ink

Such melodies as these.

—NDS—

The Mail:

I went over to Washington Hall one February night, thinking the debates were to be held. But as soon as I got in I turned around and left, because I know it makes the fellows nervous to have anyone around there during rehearsal. When are the debates?  
D. Bates.

—NDS—

The Mail:

I've seen pink snakes and elephants

And alligators born in bottles,

But the worst things I've ever seen

Are those you print of Aristotle's.

Plato Hash.

# -:- SPORTS -:-

## ILLINOIS, 77—NOTRE DAME, 39

"Bud" Evans' performances in the dashes featured the University of Illinois victory over Notre Dame in the first meet held on the new track of the Memorial Stadium, at Champaign, Illinois, which was won by the Illini 77 to 39.

Evans covered the century in 9:4-5 seconds and the furlong in 21 1-5 seconds, the latter on the new straight-away.

Cox of N. D. won from Ponzer of Illinois in a close finish in the half mile, one of the best races of the afternoon. The Illinois hurdlers, led by Kinsey and Yarnell, cleaned the score plate in both high and low races. The Irish took first in the quarter, half and two mile, Rue of Illinois winning the mile.

Brownell won the pole vault from Harrington, victor in the Penn games but 12 feet 6 inches was the best vault.

### Summaries:

100 yard dash—Won by Evans, Illinois; Barr, Notre Dame second; Yarnell, Illinois third. Time :09 4-5.

Mile run—Won by Rue, Illinois; Judge, Notre Dame, second; McKeever, Illinois, third. Time 4:32 4-5.

220-yard low hurdles: by Yarnell, Illinois; Merigold, Illinois, second; Wallace, Illinois, third. Time :25 4-5.

220-yard dash—Won by Evans, Illinois; Barr, Notre Dame, second; Della Maria, Notre Dame, third. Time :21 1-5.

220-yard high hurdles—Won by Kinsey, Illinois; Werner, Illinois second; Merigold, Illinois, third. Time :15 2-5.

440-yard run—Won by Stack, Notre Dame; Sittig, Illinois, second; Mehock, Illinois, third. Time :50 1-5.

Two mile run—Won by Wendland, Notre

Dame; Miller, Illinois, second; Johnston, Illinois, third. Time 9:59 2-5.

880-yard run—Won by Cox, Notre Dame; Ponzer, Illinois, second; Masterton, Notre Dame, third. Time 1:57 3-5.

Shot put—Won by Shively, Illinois; Milbauer, Notre Dame, second; Kimmel, Illinois, third. Distance 433 feet three inches.

High jump—Won by Meislahn, Illinois; Carey, Notre Dame, and Wright, Robinson and Keaton, Illinois, tied for second. Height 5 feet ten inches.

Pole vault—Won by Browell, Illinois; Barnes, Illinois and Harrington, Notre Dame tied for second. Height 12 feet 6 inches.

Discus throw, won by Gebhard, Notre Dame; Shively, Illinois, second; Maxwell, Notre Dame, third. Distance 122 feet 9 inches.

Broad jump—Won by Wallace, Illinois; Sweeney, Illinois, second; Fell, Illinois, third. Distance 22 feet 11 inches.

Javelin throw—Won by Stuttle, Illinois; Kinsey, Illinois, second; Devault, Notre Dame, third. Distance 180 feet 9 inches.

## NOTRE DAME, 12—LOMBARD, 0

Coach George Keogan's Notre Dame baseball club defeated Lombard college at Galesburg, Ill., 12 to 0, Saturday afternoon, dashing to splinters the hope that Lombard has long nursed of defeating a Notre Dame athletic team.

Joe Dawes, pitching his first game on the regular schedule, hurled masterful ball. His knee high fast ones, made especially fast by the deceptiveness of his slow curve, completely handcuffed the Lombard hitters, who had great difficulty getting nine singles of the scratch variety.

The Irish presented an impregnable defense centered around the superb throwing of Jim Silver. "Red" Smith relieved Silver in the sixth, and showed a strong accurate arm, and a world of pepper. Lombard did not get a man past second base.

At times, Dawes eased up but in the pinches tightened and kept Lombard from scoring. Crowley was the hitting star of the day. He also made several brilliant plays around third base. Concentrated hitting attacks led by Crowley, Prendergast, Nolan, O'Boyle and Murray, were responsible for most of the Irish tallies.

Notre Dame scored one in the first, four in the second, three in the third and fourth, and the last run came over the plate in the sixth. After that, the players hurried in order to catch an early train for home.

## BOX SCORE:

NOTRE DAME (12)						
	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Crowley, 3b. ....	4	1	3	1	4	0
Prendergast, 2b. ....	4	1	2	3	3	0
Nolan, 1b. ....	4	0	2	11	0	0
Dunne, rf. ....	4	1	1	1	0	0
Farrel, cf. ....	1	1	1	3	0	0
Quinn, cf. ....	1	2	1	2	0	0
O'Boyle, lf. ....	3	2	1	2	0	0
Silver, c. ....	4	2	2	2	2	0
Smith, c. ....	1	0	0	1	0	0
Murray, ss. ....	3	1	2	1	2	0
Moore, ss. ....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Dawes, p. ....	4	1	1	0	1	0
Totals .....	34	12	16	27	12	0

LOMBARD (0)						
	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Crabil, rf. ....	1	0	0	1	0	0
Humphreys, rf. ....	2	0	0	0	0	0
Briggs, cf. ....	4	0	1	1	0	0
Lamb, 2b. ....	4	0	1	2	4	1
Flink, ss. ....	4	0	0	4	3	0
Thompson, lf. ....	4	0	1	1	0	0
Mester, 3b. ....	4	0	1	0	0	0
Murphy, 1b. ....	3	0	0	16	0	0
Stetson, c. ....	3	0	1	2	2	0
Alexander, p. ....	0	0	0	0	1	1
Henderson, p. ....	2	0	1	0	4	1
Totals .....	31	0	6	27	14	3

Innings pitched by Alexander—2. Three base hits—Crowley 2. Two base hits—Silver, Farrell, Quinn, Crowley, Henderson. Base on balls—Off Alexander 2; Henderson 1; Dawes 1. Struck out by Alexander 2; Dawes 3. Umpire—Bauisall.

## NOTRE DAME, 2—WABASH, 1

Wabash college, spurred on by the success of Purdue against Notre Dame Tuesday, at Crawfordsville, gave the Irish a real battle Wednesday afternoon. By superior hitting and tight defensive work, Notre Dame nosed out a victory, 2 to 1.

Besten, hampered by a sore arm, was not at his best, walking seven men. He bore down in the pinches, however, and cut off many threatened rallies. Robertson, for Wabash, pitched a smart brand of ball and kept the Irish hits well scattered. The Notre Dame team could not bunch their hits. The Irish threatened in the first when Dunne singled. He stole second on the next pitched ball. Nolan walked; Farrell hit a roller to the third baseman and all hands were safe. O'Boyle, next up, hit a sharp grounder over second but Englehart made a beautiful running stop, throwing the ball to Dale for the third out.

Notre Dame took the lead in the second, when Besten hit a line drive over the center field fence. Wabash tied the score in the seventh when Besten lost control, walking Wyatt and Coffell. Both men advanced on Englehart's infield out. Cripe then hit a long fly to left field, Wyatt scoring on the play. The Irish won the game in the eighth inning, Nolan beating out a bunt on a hit-run play. O'Boyle smashed a low liner to right, Nolan scoring on this hit.

NOTRE DAME.						
	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Crowley, 3b. ....	4	0	0	1	3	0
Prendergast, 2b. ....	5	0	0	4	2	0
Dunne, rf. ....	4	3	0	0	0	0
Nolan, 1b. ....	3	1	1	9	1	0
Farrell, cf. ....	3	1	0	4	0	0
O'Boyle, lf. ....	4	2	0	1	0	0
Silver, c. ....	3	1	0	7	0	0
Murray, ss. ....	4	2	0	1	1	1
Besten, p. ....	4	2	1	0	5	0
Totals .....	34	12	2	27	12	1

WABASH						
	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Nelson, 3b. ....	4	2	0	1	1	0
Burdett, cf. ....	3	0	0	2	0	1
Dale, ss. ....	3	0	0	1	2	0
Wyatt, 1b. ....	3	1	1	9	0	0
Coffel, cf. ....	2	0	0	1	0	0

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Englehart, 2b. ....	2	0	0	5	4	0
Cripe, rf. ....	3	0	0	0	0	0
Chew, 2b. ....	2	0	0	5	1	0
Robertson, p. ....	2	0	0	0	1	0
Totals .....	24	3	1	24	9	1

Home runs, Besten; three-base hits, O'Boyle; two-base hits, Dunne. Base on balls: off Robertson 3; off Besten 7. Left on bases: Notre Dame, 9; Wabash, 8. Struck out: By Besten, 4; by Robertson, 3.

### THE FINAL SPRING FOOTBALL SCRIMMAGE

The "Four Horsemen" rode again in victory; rode brilliantly as of yore behind the "Seven Mules" to a pair of touchdowns against the varsity of 1925, in the annual spring football game that marked the close of spring practice, Saturday afternoon.

More than 2,000 fans shouted their joy and regret from the stands of Cartier field, as the National Championship team of Notre Dame made its last appearance on the gridiron as a unit. Battling against the stubborn opposition offered by the candidates for the Varsity of 1925, the champions scored first on Stuhldreher's drive through the line. The inimitable Jimmy Crowley kicked the goal. The champs scored again when Layden smashed his way from the 20-yard marker to the last white line. The 1924 Varsity played for two quarters, and then gave way to the shock troops.

All of the players of the 1924 eleven, who will be graduated in June, were present in the line-up except Kizer and Glueckert. Adam Walsh was at center with Weibel and Harrington at the guards. Joe Bach and Rip Miller appeared again in their positions at tackle. Charley Collins and Ed Hunsinger played the wing positions. Stuhldreher, Layden, Crowley and Don Miller carried the ball from the backfield. Cerney, Livergood, and Houser, who also will be graduated this June, played parts of the game.

In the final count, the score stood 38 to 6, in favor of the veterans. But on the short end of the score, Coach Rockne found an aggressive, courageous bunch of youngsters well qualified to return in the fall to carry

the burden of the heaviest schedule Notre Dame has ever attempted.

In the game Saturday the Varsity of 1925 fought desperately, and was constantly on the alert to break trick formations devised by the old-timers. The new team, while not completely organized, gave the fans some reason to be optimistic over the future welfare of Notre Dame. Once a fullback snatched a pass from the air and ran to a score. Several times the green men broke up passes or hauled one of the "horsemen" down as he circled the flanks at a dizzy pace. And again, a blonde youth, stocky of build, re-

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ceived the kick-off and drove in behind a wedge of interference for a pretty run.

After more than two hours of play, the final whistle sounded, a requiem for the champions, and a laudation for the new Varsity. Its echo lingered on the air and drifted slowly away, seeking some refuge, there to await the opening of the Notre Dame-Baylor game on Cartier Field in September.



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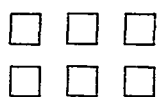
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